King's Messenger Captured by an Austrian Submarine

Thrilling Story of Holding Up of Ship He Was On in the Mediterranean Sea

DRAMATISTS and scenario writers will find a fruitful theme for their pen in the thoroughly twentieth century story of the recent capture of Capt. Stanley Wilson, Member of Parliament and King's Messenger. While he was on his way from the Piræus to Naples on the Spezia, an ordinary Greek passenger steamer, an Austrian submarine came suddenly to the surface within a hundred yards of the liner, forced it to stop and then proceeded to remove from it Stanley Wilson and his despatches, also Col. H. D. Napier of the English army, who happened to be in his company. As soon as they had been transferred to the submarine the latter disappeared beneath the surface of the waves quite as suddenly and mysteriously as it had made its appearance, and the Spezia was allowed to proceed without further molestation to its destination.

Nothing more was heard of the two captives until the Austrian Government commenced the publication at Vienna and Berlin of the despatches that had been confided to Wilson's care and custody. They proved to be of a very confidential character and their disclosure has been somewhat embarrassing to the British Government, since they seem to have contained remarks of a rather uncomplimentary nature regarding the civil and military dignitaries of Greece and even on the subject of her reigning family in the handwriting of British officials at Athens and at Salonica.

It is said that Capt. Wilson attempted at the last moment to hurl his sealed bag of despatches into the sea, but that it was fished up from the water by one of the sailors of the Austrian submarine. As to the fate of Wilson and his companion nothing is known, the presumption, however, being that they are in custody somewhere in Austria as prisoners of war.

Only a few years ago it was announced that the British Government had taken the resolution to dispense with the services of the "Silver Greyhounds" or King's messengers, on the ground that their services had become superfluous. Edward VII.'s predilection for foreign travel, his stays at Biarritz or on the Riviera in the spring and at Marienbad in the fall, his early summer cruises in the Mediterranean and his frequent visits to foreign courts constituted a heavy strain on the services of the corps, since the monarch had while aboard to remain in full touch with his Ministers at home and communications were constantly passing between himself and Downing street. King George, however, does not care for foreign travel and save for his Durbar voyage to India and brief visits to Paris and to Berlin in the spring of 1914 did not leave the United Kingdom from the time of his accession until the beginning of the present war. Since then he has made several short trips to France for the purpose of inspecting his troops in the field there.

Whatever the plans of the Government at the time about the abolition of the staff of King's Messengers the project fortunately was not put into execution. For since the outbreak of the present international conflagration eighteen months ago they have become absolutely indispensable to the maintenance of intercourse between the Government at home and its diplomatic and consular representatives abroad, its military and naval officials at the front and its foreign allies.

Conventions among the Powers providing for the inviolability of the mails have since August, 1914, gone by the board, in the wake of most of the other rules and regulations of international law, as worthless as mere scraps of paper, to use the words of the Chancellor of the German Empire. Every foreign letter posted for transmission is not only liable but certain to be opened and read before it reaches its destination, and is fortunate indeed if it escapes confiscation and destruction. The various Governments are, therefore, obliged to send all their official and confidential correspondence by means of special and trusted messengers.

It used to be said that the life and duties of "Silver Greyhounds" in piping times of peace were of the most humdrum character, devoid of the slightest interest; in fact, difficulties were experienced in recruiting the proper sort of men for the service. Since the outbreak of the war, however, they have had all the excitement and adventure that they can want.

The look of boredom that formerly distinguished their faces has disappeared. They give evidence of being tremendously keen and alert, and what is more their numbers have been trebled and even quadrupled. They have suffered many hairbreadth escapes and numerous thrilling adventures, winding up in the kidnapping of one of their number, Capt. Stanley Wilson, last month, from a Mediterranean passenger steamer by an Austrian submarine.

The King's Messengers owe their name of "Silver Greyhounds" to the fact that their badge of office consists of a silver greyhound, surmounted by an imperial crown, pendant from a red ribbon about their neck. The badge they always carry with them. But the semi-military uniform which goes therewith is usually dispensed with, owing to the attention which it attracts and the mark which it makes of the messenger to designing people and to foes. Indeed, the uniform is seldom used except in war time, and then only within the frontiers of one or another of the belligerents.

The uniform consists of a dark blue cloth double breasted frock coat, a blue, silver, single breasted waistcoat, buttoned up to the throat, with edging of gold lace, trousers of Oxford mixture with scarlet cord down the side seam, gilt buttons embossed with the royal cipher encircled by Crown and Garter and having a greyhound pendant, while the cap is a blue cloth affair with black leather peak, a band of black braid and the royal cipher and crown in front.

Each foreign Government keeps a permanent staff of men, usually connected with its Deporiment of Foreign Affairs, for the conveyance of despatches which cannot be sent over the wire or by mail. On the continent of Europe they are known as "Courriers de Cabinet" and are, as in the case of English Silver Greyhounds, most of them retired army and navy officers, all of them of birth, breeding and of unexceptional antecedents, since upon their fidelity and discretion sometimes depends the fate of nations, while the temptations of untold wealth dog their every step to swerve them from the line of duty.

It has on several occasions been urged that their services have been rendered unnecessary in peace time by the development of telegraphic communication and cipher codes. But this argument does not hold good. For there is no cipher code used by any Power of which the other Governments do not possess the key. In fact no secret code has yet been invented which cannot be deciphered by experts, by men who devote their entire existence to this particular branch of research. This compels Governments to avoid the wires as much as the mails where secrecy is a matter of vital importance.

The adventures of King's messengers in protecting their despatches from theft or destruction have furnished inspiration for a boundless number of magazine articles and romances, some true and others not. But when it is recalled to mind how the despatches in connection with the Dreyfus affair, sent by the German Embassy at Paris to Berlin by an imperial messenger, were surreptitiously opened and their contents photographed during his trip from Paris to the German frontier without their bearer being aware of the trick played upon him, it will be realized that the career of a Silver Greyhound is not, even in days of peace, altogether without elements of adventure.

Acknowledged as members of the diplomatic service, they are clothed when on duty with all the diplomatic immunities and prerogatives of a member of the staff of their Ambassador or Minister Plenipotentiary accredited to the Government of the country in which they may happen to be travelling. It is this immunity which renders the messenger exempt from every species of visitation and search in passing through foreign territories, holds him inviolable from all actions, suits, writs and processes, and insures his person and despatches being considered in the light of sacred; that is, in times of peace. But, as may be seen by the case of the German imperial messenger above mentioned, in connection with the Dreyfus controversy, designing people, and even governments, are not above playing tricks upon Silver Greyhounds when they have anything to gain thereby.

One of the strangest attempts to get hold of English Government despatches took place away back in 1877, when Muscovite armies, under the late Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, were intrenched at San Stefano within sight of Constantinople, so to speak, under its very walls, and Great Britain was on the very brink of war with Russia. A Silver Greyhound was proceeding to Athens by steamer.

When the vessel was on the point of entering the harbor of the Piræus a man-of-war's boat flying a British white ensign was observed pulling toward the steamer and hailing her to stop. The Queen's Messenger—they were so styled in the reign of Queen Victoria—concluded that the boat was a British man-of-war's boat, sent to convey him and his despatches ashore, and requested the captain of the liner to heave to.

Suddenly another British man-of-war's boat appeared from the opposite quarter, the crew of which were signalling violently, whereupon the first boat turned and rowed away rapidly. On the arrival of the second boat it transpired that the former was a bogus man-of-war's craft, manned by men masquerading in British uniform, and flying the British flag, presumably for the purpose of securing possession of the despatches. It was presumed to be a plant engineered by Russian or Greek agents.

To come down to more recent times, some ten years ago a King's Messenger found himself benighted at a hospice in one of the Alpine passes owing to some mysterious breakdown of the sleigh by which he was travelling. It was at the time when King Edward was so busily engaged in negotiating those understandings with the Italian Government which may be said to have resulted in the latter's ultimately joining the Powers of the Triple Entente in the present war.

In the course of the evening a stranger halted at the hospice for refreshments, and hearing of the Silver Greyhound's anxiety to proceed, offered him a seat in his sleigh. The invitation was eagerly accepted and the pair set off. They had not gone far when a figure jumped out from behind a rock, the horses shied across the road, the sleigh was tilted over and the messenger was flung out onto a snowdrift.

Picking himself up and collecting his scattered senses he saw, greatly to his amazement, the sleigh tearing back the way it had come, the driver flogging the horses. His bag of despatches was in the sleigh. The messenger followed back on foot to the hospice and there ascertained that the sleigh had stopped for a few seconds, the owner explaining that he had met with a slight accident and had transferred his companion to an overtaking vehicle.

The despatches were never recovered. But the British Government before long was able to deduce from the attitude of the authorities at Berlin that the missing despatches had reached the palace there in Wilhelmstrasse.

Curiously enough, there have thus far been in modern times only two instances of actual fatalities to Kings' messengers. Thus, when the Berlin was wrecked on the Hook of Holland, in a blizzard some winters ago, a Silver Greyhound of the name of Arthur Herbert was on board and he lost his life in the waves. In the only other instance the victim was Benjamin Bathurst, a cousin of Lord Bathurst, and who was engaged in carrying despatches from the British Embassy at Vienna to England a little over 100 years ago.

The despatches were supposed to relate to negotiations carried on by the British Ambassador at Vienna with the object of inducing the Austrian Government to throw in its lot with the coalition then being formed against Napoleon, and naturally it was a matter of considerable importance to the latter to secure the confidential information contained in the documents. It was for this reason that Benjamin Bathurst travelled under the name of Koch and was provided by the Prussian Government with an armed escort, which was to accompany him to Hamburg, where a warship was waiting to convey him to England.

Bathurst reached the little town of Perleberg half way between Berlin and Hamburg on November 25, 1809, and dined there at the Swan Inn while waiting for a change of horses. After dinner, while his courier and his servant were chatting in front of the inn with the Boniface, he appeared at the entrance of the hostelry and without saying anything to them strolled up to the horses' heads, where a hostler was holding a lantern, and into the darkness beyond, vanishing in the gloom, the narrow street being unlighted. He was never seen again. What is more, the despatches also disappeared.

After waiting for about an hour for him to return, his attendants and the commander of the escort became alarmed, and a search was instituted, without any result. The English Government offered at the time the enormous reward of $20,000 for an elucidation of the mystery, and the Earl of Bathurst of the day as much more, the only result of these offers being the recovery of the fine fur coat and the gray knee breeches of the missing Silver Greyhound, the coat being found in the cellar of an empty house and the gray knee breeches in a wood near by. The breeches had two shot holes in the waistband, and in the pocket a half finished note written in pencil to Mrs. Bathurst, in which her husband expressed fears for his life.

The London *Times* in its issue of January 23, 1810, openly declared that Benjamin Bathurst had been made away with by agents of Napoleon, to which charge the Imperial *Moniteur* responded a week later at Paris by a statement to the effect that "Sir Bathurst," who "like all Englishmen, was mad," had shot himself at Perleberg in a fit of insanity. The *Moniteur* failed, however, to explain how Bathurst had done away with his own remains after his death.

Forty years passed. In April, 1852, a house just outside Perleberg was in course of demolition. Under the stone threshold of the stable was discovered a skeleton, lying face down and covered with mortar and stone chips. The back of the skull was smashed in.

The house belonged to one Kiesenwelter, who had bought it from a man of the name of Mertens, who had inherited it from his father, who had been the "boots" at the Swann Inn when Bathurst vanished. The "boots" had died unaccountably well off. I may add that the Bathurst family were sufficiently satisfied as to the identity of the skeleton thus discovered to cause it to be brought back to England and interred in the Bathurst family vault.

The sealed bags of despatches confided to King's messengers do not always contain important documents. Thus, on the first occasion that I was entrusted with a bag of Foreign Office despatches for conveyance from London to Vienna, away back in the '70s, I was somewhat disillusioned as to the importance of my mission when on my arrival the Ambassador, Sir Andrew Buchanan, opening the bag in my presence, extracted therefrom as its principal contents a box of the particular sort of collars that he was accustomed to wear, and also some feminine odds and ends for Lady Buchanan. I was more fortunate, however, than another bearer of despatches, who carried from Brussels to Vienna in a sealed Foreign Office despatch bag a small cask of particularly fine Ostend oysters.

Of the manner in which Government despatch bearers are dogged by secret service people of foreign Powers I had a personal experience at Calais. I had arrived there on one occasion from England, bound for Madrid, had placed my rugs and a small leather despatch box, adorned with the royal crown and cipher, in the railroad compartment which had been reserved for me and then stood on the platform at the door of the car chatting with a friend.

On the other side of the car was a blank wall. When the signal for departure was given I got into my compartment and established myself comfortably. The train had hardly got out of Calais before I suddenly discovered that my leather despatch box had disappeared. Some one who had been following me, probably from England, had evidently slithered the locked compartment from the off side, in the Calais terminus, while I was standing before the other door.

Fortunately the despatch box adorned with the royal crown contained nothing but some of my own personal papers and letters of no particular importance, and no great harm was done for I had taken the precaution of keeping the bag of despatches in my own hands under the folds of my coat while standing on the platform, therein obeying the instructions of the Foreign Office impressed upon all bearers of despatches never to leave the bag out of their hands for a single moment while on the trip.

For many years it was the practice of Silver Greyhounds to call every week on their way back to England from Vienna or from Berlin at Brussels, where they received from the court kitchens bags of peculiarly made biscuits, of which Queen Victoria was extremely fond and which she believed nobody could make quite so well as the pastry chefs at the head of the kitchen of both Kings Leopold. This box of biscuits was carefully sealed up at the British Legation at Brussels with the official seal and was conveyed across the Channel to the London Foreign Office and from there to Windsor, Osborn or Balmoral, under the denomination of "Important Confidential Government Despatches."

The history of the English King's Messenger Service has yet to be written and could not fail to prove a highly interesting volume, since it undoubtedly formed the genesis of the modern postal system. The origin of the service is obscure.

At an early period the Crown, when it became necessary for the exercise of the functions of sovereignty to convey with speed and security its own despatches from one part of the realm to another, or to foreign countries, confided the duty to heraldic Officers of Arms. They started on their career as Knights Caligate of Arms, so called because they wore "Startuppes," a sort of boot-stocking, to the middle of the leg. After seven years service they became Knight Riders, and after another period of seven years Pursuivants, being finally promoted to Heralds. The relative importance of the despatches entrusted to their care correspond with their rank. Pursuivants were chiefly employed in carrying messages from the sovereign to Governors and dignitaries of the realm, whereas Heralds were entrusted with the conveyance of personal or public messages from one monarch to another.

It was in the reign of Henry VIII. that the Royal College of Arms was relieved of a considerable portion of its duties in connection with the conveyance of State correspondence by a Department of Posts, under the direction of a Master of the Posts, the first to hold that office being a Sir Brian Tuke. The practice of allowing private persons to avail themselves of the King's Post for transmitting their own correspondence developed under James I. and Charles I. into a regular system, while the regular Postal Department, as now constituted, dates from the Restoration, and owes its origin to Charles II. It was then, however, that the conveyance of the despatches of the Crown and of the great officers of the State reverted to the care of special messengers, who were given the name of King's Messengers.

It may be added that in all the history of the Silver Greyhounds there have hardly been any cases of breaches of trust or of treachery. Indeed, the only one that I can recall at the present moment is the instance of a Silver Greyhound who in the early portion of the nineteenth century was found to have submitted to the great Austrian Chancellor, Prince Clement Metternich, or to one of his agents, all the despatches with which he had been entrusted by the British Ambassador at Vienna before taking his departure from the Kaiserstadt for England.

"Have they enough to eat?" he asks the territorial.

The memory that the prisoners' presence recalls to the French peasant.

NEW YEAR AT HOT SPRINGS.

HOT SPRINGS, Va., Jan. 8.—The beginning of the week saw one of the largest New Year's crowds at Hot Springs that the resort has entertained in its history. The new year was welcomed in at the Homestead by a supper dance attended by several hundred visitors, and on New Year's afternoon President and Mrs. Wilson held their first reception in the Homestead foyer. The couple stood near the great brilliantly lighted Christmas tree to receive, and later had tea with the throng in the lobby.

The assemblage was made up largely of country people from the mountain districts and townspeople, though there were many well known in New York society. Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Joseph Harriman, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McCullough, Dr. and Mrs. J. Riddle Goffe, Mrs. Seth Barton French, Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, Mrs. Herbert Stone and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard H. Ridder, who are here on their wedding trip, were among those in the room.

The New Year's eve celebration at the Homestead was in the Japanese room, which had been decorated for the occasion with evergreens and brilliant colored serpentine which partly hid the lights. Supper tables were thickly spread through the room, the dancers threading their way among them.

German Prisoners in France Are Well Treated and Happy

Visit to Concentration Camp Finds Them in Good Humor---All Want to Work on Farms

HIGH above the town of P——, in a grand old building which was once an orphanage, 200 captured German officers, some bearing great names of the empire, pass their time in gilded idleness.

Their garden terrace, two miles long, looks on a valley famous for romantic beauty. Their baggage averages 350 pounds—two good sized trunks. Six recently transferred from another depot brought 900 kilos. Boxes and cases constantly come to them. They have received from Germany their uniforms

Their grand ambition is to be chosen to work for French farmers.

of time of peace. By constantly demanding they obtain things from the courteous French. They have pianos, violins, flutes, &c., boxes of books, the illustrated weeklies and the daily papers. They order their meals and buy what they please.

They enjoy everything—except liberty and French society. No French person speaks to them except on business. No more parole is granted. Some paint landscapes, some play quintet music, some read novels, some sleep between meals, and some—I hear from a Swiss correspondent, but I did not see it—some "show interest" in the camp of 2,500 German common soldiers who are prisoners below them.

Down there those German common soldiers have a byword: Rauchen nicht verboten! (Smoking permitted!) When they receive letters or packages from home, when they sprawl in the sun after lunch digesting good French ragout or sing choruses by twilight waiting for their dinner they say, laughing: "Rauchen nicht verboten!"

All have one ambition—to be chosen in gangs to work outside instead of loafing in the compound, both for the sake of the pay and to enjoy variety. To work on the roads is good. You see life and the French guard is easy. To work for a building contractor is better; he will slip you extra pay for good work. But the grand luck is to go out working for French farmers. Rauchen nicht verboten!

The byword was started by a curious character and has more in it than meets the eye. When they look up to their officers' terrace, high up there in the orphanage, they say it, really, in a queer tone: "Rauchen nicht verboten! Is it envy, admiration, sarcasm?

The curious character is Engel the "Jollier," a remnant of the Spassmachers. Every German infantry company when it started out contained two necessary ornaments, the Kompagnie-Spassmacher (wag) and the Dumme Kerl (fool). The latter was an involuntary butt or victim, awkward, slow, stupid and laughed at as such, but the Spassmacher must be a character. His officers counted on him to raise the spirits of the men at any trying or difficult moment. He must always have his witticism ready. At the beginning, going into Belgium, Engel hit on his great word, Rassy-Passy!

"It's all the French you need," he used to say. "When you want wine you just knock with the rifle butt—like this—and Rassy-Passy!"

"And cheese?" some one asked him.

"Cheese, two knocks and Rassy-Passy! Sausages, two knocks and Rassy-Passy, Rassy-Passy!"

Once started, he worked up a list of gastronomic marvels which the magic word and gesture, properly repeated, would produce. Well, rushing down on Paris, this Spassmacher made a song of pillage, wine and beauty, what they would do when they got there:

"Nun marschieren wir grad nach
Paris hinein,
Dort, Kinder, soll das Rauchen nicht
verbotensein"

(Now we're marching straight on Paris. Down there, children, smoking's not forbidden!)

Three weeks later, marching into the prison camp of P——, Engel got off his last witticism in pure Berlin jargon: "Na! s'is noch'n Jluck dat Lehmans mir nicht kiecken! (It's lucky that the Lehmans can't see me!)

Nobody laughed, but one man, doubled up with rheumatism, answered: "Ach! Blech! Smoking not forbidden!"

They said it very bitterly at first, reproaching their officers, the Chancellor, the Kaiser, the Spassmacher, but little by little the sense of the byword softened into the curious significance which I have mentioned. Here are men who started off with one grand object: to make the conquest of France, to kill and take. Their present joy is to work eagerly among the French, earning money, undoubtedly, for luxuries and comforts, but obviously as anxious for conversation—any one can see it—a kind word from folks they marched to pillage.

Their byword originally meant "The lid is off—to do what we please." What does it mean to-day? Contempt for France because she treats them so kindly? Or hearts bursting with gratitude?

For example, in the outskirts of P—— a contractor, running up a large building in haste, has secured a bunch of thirty willing prisoners guarded by ten French territorials with loaded rifles. They are levelling the ground, digging foundations. Now it is common knowledge that to get their best work out of them the contractor is paying each of the thirty more than double, perhaps triple, the stipulated 8 cents a day plus extra good food, coffee, wine at lunch and snack and glass twice a day. Yet the same thirty when they saw a crowd go off to work at vegetable forcing, for which the villages of G—— and V——, in their protected valleys twelve miles distant are famous, they watched them go off with envy, repeating the mysterious byword: Rauchen nicht verboten!

It began with the harvest last autumn.

"All over France," argued the French authorities, "agriculture cries for labor, as the younger men are fighting to repel the invader. On the other hand, France is simply clogged with able bodied German prisoners, anxious to earn a little money. The State cannot use a tenth of them on public works. Let French agriculture profit by them."

The prefects were instructed to inform the Mayors of country localities. Prisoners could not be given out in twos and threes because they must be guarded. They must be applied for in bunches of twenty, with seven territorials to guard them. Some responsible person in each case must guarantee their food, lodging and pay.

At G——, just mentioned, the Mayor applied to a chateau proprietor, a charitable and kindly gentleman, and trusted by all.

"My dear Mayor," he replied, "it is not easy. Evidently 8 cents per day per man is nothing, and the obligation to feed and lodge them with their guards ought not to bring the expense above 30 cents per day a man, but the difficulty is the feeling of our people."

"Will they chase my Germans out with pitchforks?" asked the Mayor.

"No," he answered. "Simply, it makes them feel bad to see them. They shrink from them, as if they imagined them unclean or accursed. They get troubled and embarrassed, even to talk about it, as if ashamed to have them around the place. I had planned to divide them, four by four, among small vegetable growers. But who will feed them? Big Louis promised, but his wife made a scene."

The Mayor told him that over Orleans way the large farmers allowed the Germans to prepare their own meals, furnishing them the raw materials. "They appoint a cook, as in a campaign, and cook and helpers draw extra pay. Also each group of five can have a German sub-officer to boss it. Tell your people to reflect; these men are excellent workers and very anxious to please."

So they tried it.

It works. Strangely, it works—all over France it works! And I could draw a picture of a table set for twenty on a kind of porch behind a wagon house shaded by climbing greenery in a sunny valley. With the vases of flowers (placed by the Germans themselves) and great carafes of red wine it looked like a picnic or a peasant wedding luncheon. And the Germans, far from prison and almost forgetting war—the sweet contact of the kindly earth, say, as they sit digesting, "Die franzoesischen Bauern sind nette Leute!" (French farmers are good people!)

Yes, but the French farmers—what do they say?

The women simply keep out of sight of them. To mention the subject is bad manners.

The men—they are country stay at homes of a certain age, fathers of soldiers—permit their curiosity to hang about and watch the Germans in the ruminating silence which is peculiar to French peasants.

"Have they enough to eat?" they ask the territorial. "They are not sick? They need nothing? Good! Good!"

Then the ruminating gaze again.

And silence.

The French territorials, on the contrary, guy them and listen good naturedly to their talk.

The Spassmacher is of the party. He knows the names of many noble German soldiers up in the orphanage above the town of P——.

"All of them have the Iron Cross of the First Class," he says, "yet there are three categories why they got it."

You must ask him how's that?

"The high born Captain Baron von X——," he says, "is of the Lohengrin category. Ach, you know the song in Lohengrin: 'Nie sollst du mich befragen!' (Never ask me why!)"

Laughter. Hoch! hoch! Good German joke. Explain it to the territorial.

"The well born Inspector Baron von Y—— is of the Lorelei category. If you ask why he received the Iron Cross of the First Class——"

Laughter. Hoch! hoch! Without explanation, everybody knows the first line of the Lorelei: Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten (I know not what it signifies).

"And the little Lieut Z——, with his arm in a sling?" asks some one.

"Oh, he's Ehrlich."

Silence. Brain work. Light dawns.

"Ehrlich! Ehrlich! Hoch! hoch! (Ehrlich in German is not only a family name but also means "honorable, worthy of respect.") Explain it to the territorial. It is a very good German joke. The little Lieutenant is Ehrlich!"

The old French peasant watches the group with mournful curiosity. He meditates.

"Why are these strange men doing the farm work? Because my son is away fighting. Why is my son away fighting? Because these men came burning, killing." • • •

The Spassmacher lifts his glass noiselessly.

"Prosit!" he calls to the old man. "Ta sante! French farmers are good people! Rauchen nicht verboten!"

The old man steps back as if a blow had been aimed at his face.

Smoking permitted. Will it be so after the war?

PALM BEACH SEASON ON

PALM BEACH, Jan. 8.—Now that the holidays are over the season here is beginning to pick up rapidly. The first of the limited trains, the Over-Sea Limited and the Florida Special, which run straight through from the Pennsylvania Station, New York, daily in [illegible] arrived Tuesday night well filled [illegible] many yachts are making their [illegible] ance in Lake Worth, an artificial ocean, and the golfers are [illegible] beginning to show up to get [illegible] practice rounds for the [illegible] annual winter tournaments, which begins a week from Monday. [illegible] diana will open the Saturday [illegible] then. The Breakers Hotel [illegible] day before Christmas, and [illegible] Beach Hotel began receiving [illegible] visitors this week.

Col. Robert M. Thompson is [illegible] the winter on his houseboat [illegible] glades and will cruise in [illegible] waters for three months. He [illegible] days ago for Biscayne Bay, [illegible] board with him his niece, Miss [illegible] Garrison, and Rear Admiral [illegible] Adams. John D. Crimmins, [illegible] of the Sailfish Club of Palm [illegible] due to arrive next week at the [illegible] where he will remain for [illegible] The arrivals of the last few [illegible] included Mrs. William K. [illegible] Pauline and Wilhelmina [illegible] lam R. Kenan, Jr., Dr. S. [illegible] Edward Goodhart, George [illegible] E. Clarence Jones, Russell [illegible] and Mrs. John C. [illegible] Frazier of New York.